MESSMATES AT SEA

Sung by Mr. Gray at the Lyceum

Written by J. C. Croſs

Composed by Mr. Reeve

For his new Entertainment called

Mirth's Museum

Entered at Stationer's Hall. Price 1s

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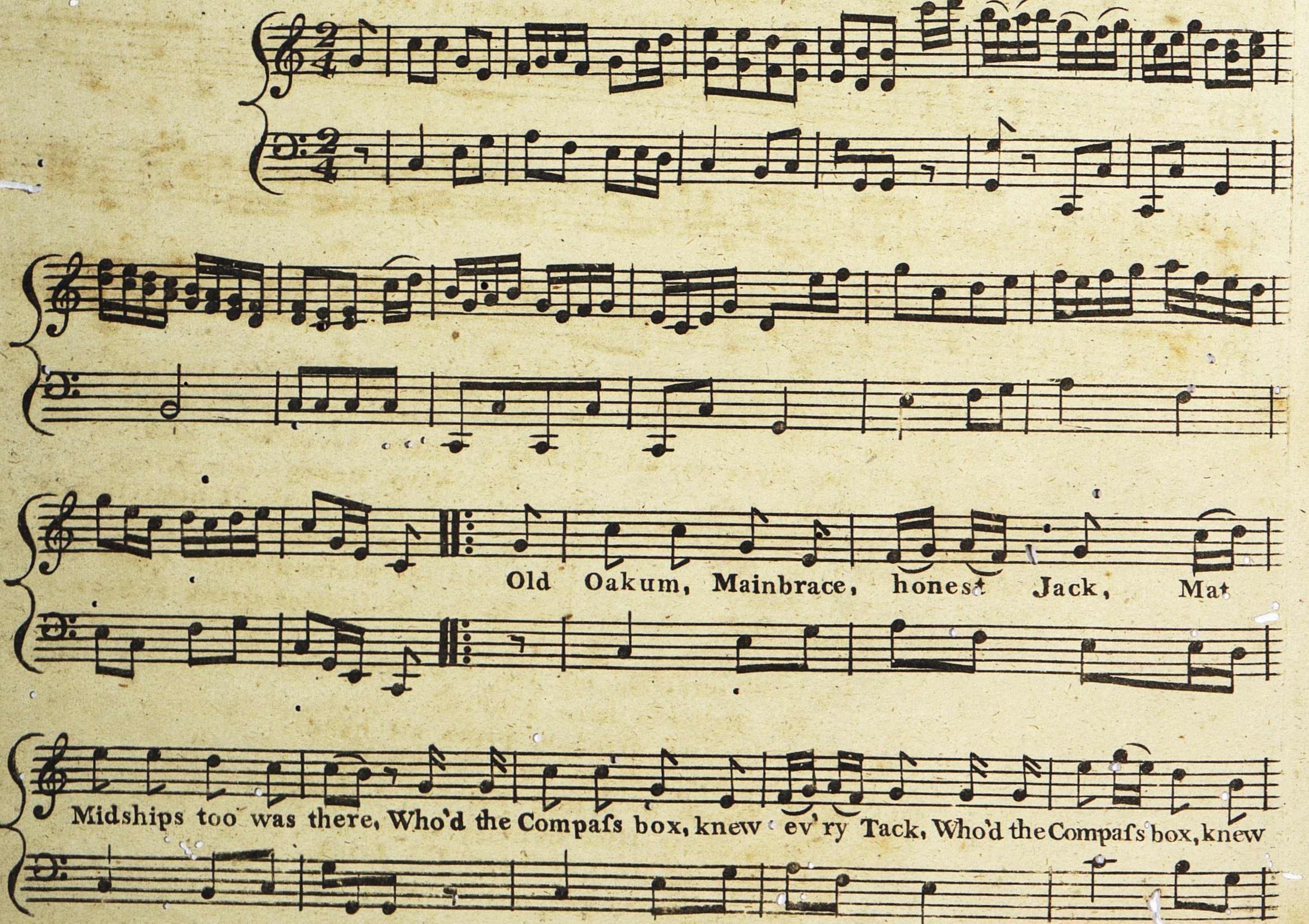
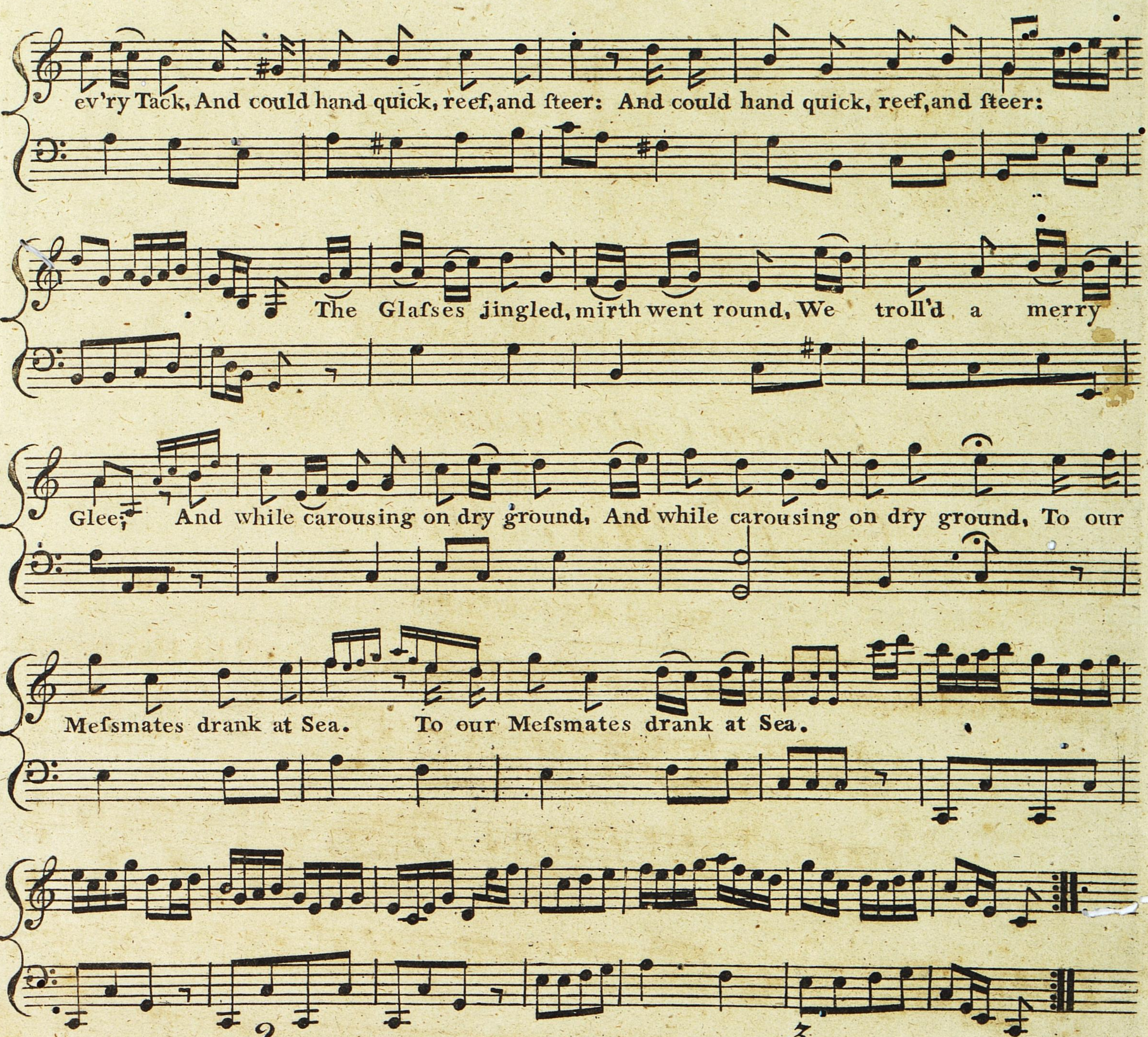




2

Sal Spriggins, who was there, d'ye mind,
And She was all my pride
Said, while with Tears her Eyes was blind,
And we fat fide by fide;
"Dear Jack" fays She "my heart will break
When you're far off from me,"
"Lord Sal" fays I "a noggin take
To our Mefsmates out at Sea."

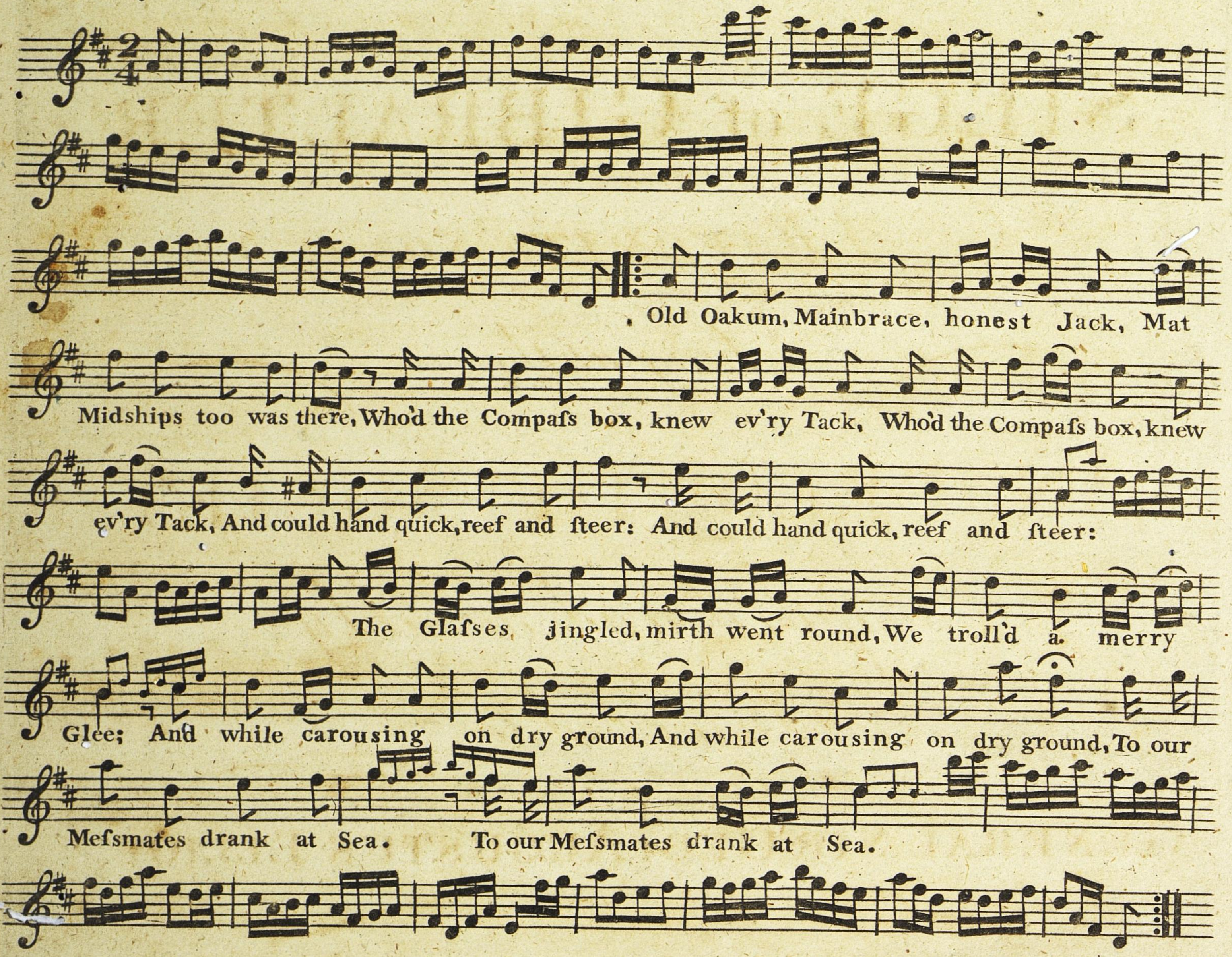
3

A thousand other Toasts we gave,
With mirth our Cabins ring;
May a Briton never be a Slave,
The Navy, George our King;
At length from toping I ne'er fhrunk,
It fomehow feem'd to me,
I could fee plainest when blind drunk
To my Mefsmates drink at Sea.

4

Love of our Isle my Heart commands,
For Britain's fame I burn;
Where native Freedom pipes all hands,
And Steps from Stem to Stern:
From Death or Glory I'll ne'er fhrink,
But douse life's Colours free;
Yet while at Anchor here I'll drink
To my Mefsmates out at Sea.

German Flute



2

Sal Spriggins, who was there, d'ye mind,
(And fhe was all my pride,)
Said, while with tears her Eyes were blind,
And we fat fide by fide;
"Dear Jack" fays fhe "my heart will break
"When you're far off from me"
"Lord Sal" fays I "a noggin take
To our Mefsmates out at Sea."

3

A thousand other Toasts we gave,
With mirth our Cabins ring;
May a Briton never be a Slave!
The Navy! George our King!
At length from toping I ne'er fhrunk,
It fomehow feem'd to me,
I could fee plainest when blind drunk
To my Mefsmates drink at fea

4

Love of our Isle my Heart commands,
For Britain's fame I burn;
Where native freedom pipes all hands,
And fteps from Stem to Stern:
From Death or Glory I'll ne'er fhrink,
But douse life's Colours free;
Yet while at Anchor here I'll drink
To my Mefsmates out at Sea..